





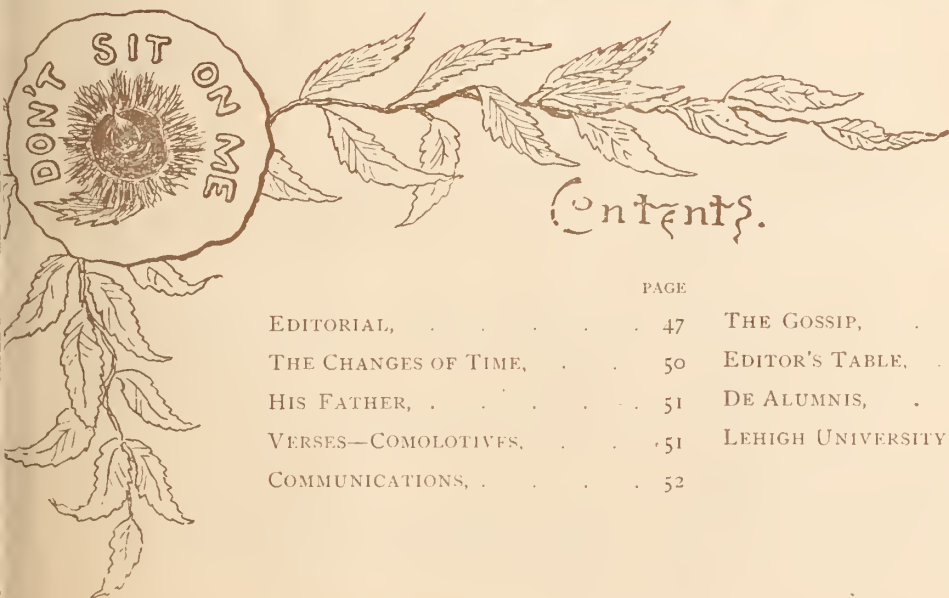
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The

Dr W H Chandler jun 96

Lehigh

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ADVERTISEMENTS

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

THOMAS MESSINGER DROWN, LL.D., President.

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The University is situated at South Bethlehem, on the Lehigh River, at the junction of the Lehigh Valley and the Reading (North Pennsylvania) Railroads.

New York is ninety-two and Philadelphia fifty-seven miles distant.

For further information and for Register, address

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

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EDITORIAL.

WITH pleasure we announce the election of Mr. John Read Pettit, to THE BURR Board.

WHILE "The Rival Poets" was not a college affair, though college men participated, we feel inclined to say a few words.

With it as with all other amateur performances people do not agree as to its merits. Many in the audience went with the intention of watching for defects, consequently they did not enjoy the evening as they otherwise would have done, while others went remembering that it was amateur talent, overlooked defects and enjoyed the evening. The editors take liberty of putting themselves in the latter class. Their province is not that of a critic; neither do they feel it in place to be personal and shower compliments on chorus and cast, but they feel sure that the performance met with the heartiest approval; certainly, the warmest congratulations are due all those concerned.

IT is curious that people should be so interested in the accounts of suicides and murders which form the greater part of the reading matter of our daily papers. Death in all its forms seems to have a fascination for the average newspaper reader.

A morbid curiosity somewhat similar to this we see manifested when droves of people,

particularly among the lower classes, attend the funerals of persons they never knew, even casually. Why do they do it? Are they actuated by a desire to see the corpse? If so, it would not be a bad idea for them all to adjourn to the morgue. Indeed, they might take a light lunch with them and spend the day.

Very remarkable, too, is the fact that no matter when the tragedy occurred, whether there was a witness or not, the papers always have an illustration of the victim at the instant his connections were severed here below or here above, as the case may be. A Baltimore girl stepped off of the Washington monument in that city; it so happened that nobody witnessed the act, but the papers had a catchy picture of her coming down feet first like a loaded walking-stick.

THERE is an abundance of national pride in the Bethlehems, and on our great holidays it shows itself in many a star and stripe. From the larger buildings flags wave proudly in the breeze while the doors and windows of the smaller ones are gaily decked. Amid all this display of enthusiasm it seems more than strange that not one flag is ever to be seen on any of the University buildings. Situated on the side of a mountain and overlooking all the surrounding country as they do, the effect of a few flags would be wonderful. The expense would not be great and would be

more effective than treble the same amount of money spent in any other way.

It was suggested a few days ago that if the University authorities did not take some step in this direction that a subscription be made among the undergraduates for this purpose. THE BURR heartily approves of the idea and hopes the matter will not be allowed to drop here.

WE were pleased to see that Casper Whitney has shown in the columns of *Harper's*, that the deaths and serious injuries resulting from foot-ball are extremely rare, when compared with those arising from other sports involving an element of danger.

He records the deaths of several of his friends, who died by the hand of that innocent joker, the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" fool. This individual is not rare by any means; he lives in every community, and by some inscrutable decree of Providence is himself rarely the victim of his own folly—generally it is his little sister, his brother, or his near friend. How many of us have not had some experience in which the "unloaded" gun was an object to be feared?

The safety of all would be greatly increased if people were brought up with the belief, that no matter what appearance may indicate, *every gun is loaded*.

Let the intelligent youth who frightens his friends by pointing unloaded guns at them spend some time in the west and his glorious life would be nipped in the bud. There the practice is not a joke and the joker would find the laugh turned on him as well as his friend's revolver.

HEARSAY is rather an unreliable source from which to draw information, but we are glad to hear it reported that there is likely to be a course in general history introduced in the work of the Freshman year.

Here as at most other technical colleges this subject is almost totally neglected, and few men will devote their leisure time to this study,

consequently they know very little about foreign affairs of even the past few decades.

Not long ago a Freshman was heard to ask whether Prince Bismarck was Emperor William's son, and soon after followed up this bright remark with, "Is Spain a Monarchy or a Republic?" This ignorance is not confined to the Freshman Class, and it is safe to say that one-half of the college graduates are likely to ask questions just as foolish. Such a state of affairs is certainly deplorable, and such ignorance of foreign matters is inexcusable in an American youth attending a University as prominent as Lehigh.

It would certainly not be advisable to make the entrance requirements harder than they are now, so that this knowledge can only be acquired in most cases after entering college.

Certainly, no one can doubt that such a course would be most beneficial towards broadening the mind and would give a clearer insight into the workings of the great foreign powers.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many difficulties with which the Mustard and Cheese has had to cope this year, the members have taken unusual interest and the meetings have resulted in much profitable discussion. Preliminary preparations for the performances are being made, though as yet no play has been decided upon.

Last year, "The Wedding March," which was an attempt at "the legitimate," was a very decided departure from what has been the custom in recent years. It depended for its success on good acting, and did not allow the introduction of pleasing specialties to cover up the defects. Critics did not agree on the merits of the performance because it did not possess any features of particular excellence or unworthiness, consequently the club is somewhat undecided as to the character of the play to be selected.

The burlesque has without doubt proved a decided success in former years, but it requires

a large chorus, solos and dancing, and the college at present seems particularly destitute of men qualified in this line of work. Again, a good musical director is not forthcoming, at least no one can be found in college who is willing to undertake the task of training a large chorus. Therefore, it is quite safe to predict that the extravaganza style of performance of former years will not be selected.

It is most probable that a legitimate comedy of the nineteenth century, which will allow the introduction of a few specialties, will be attempted, and will without doubt be a success. The chief difficulty with which the club will have to deal is the fact that it will be hard to find men capable of taking women's parts. This difficulty was experienced in the last performance, and the chief defects of the play were in these parts.

The club has quite a number of members among the residents of the Bethlehems. Men who in previous Mustard and Cheese performances have made names for themselves as amateur actors. They have offered to give a "curtain raiser," and it is probable that their services will be accepted. THE BURR heartily approves of the scheme. It will promote wholesome rivalry between the active and alumni members, the young men can profit by the advice and criticisms of the older men, and the performance as a whole will be improved by the acting of stars of former times. The only disadvantage to be seen, if it can be so considered, is the fact that the effect of the regular performance may be dimmed by the brilliancy of the one-act comedy preceeding it.

The club will be hard at work at an early date, and we urge every Lehigh man who has any ability in this line to try for a place in the cast.

THE foot-ball season is over at last and we have to our credit but two victories, out of a total of seven games played. The lack of material was clearly the principal cause of this poor showing. While the team remained

intact good foot-ball was the result, but as soon as men were injured and laid off there were no players who had shown anything like 'Varsity form to take their places. Never before has Lehigh been so badly off for substitutes. There were men in college who might have made stars had they come out on the field, but parents' objections, conditions, and in some cases a lack of interest, tended to deplete the number of candidates for the team. When the 'Varsity was lined up in the first game this fall every man was practically sure of his position for the rest of the season; a condition which would ruin any team in the country. When the men found that they did not have to work to hold their places, they eased up and lost that dash and spirit so necessary for success. Again, the scrub was not all it should have been. To be sure a scrub man receives absolutely nothing in the shape of reward for his service, and his is the hardest possible kind of work. However, his lot is no harder now than in previous years; and what a scrub they used to have! Touchdowns on the 'Varsity were made night after night, and on the side lines would be probably a dozen men waiting for an opportunity to play against the 'Varsity. This fall it was hard to collect enough men to line up for practice; certainly a sad state of affairs.

The first game scheduled was with the University of West Virginia and was to have been played on the home grounds. At the last moment West Virginia cancelled the game and it was impossible to arrange another for this date. Princeton was the first team the men lined up against. The game was played Oct. 10 at Princeton, and Lehigh was defeated, 16 to 0. The Rutgers game, Oct. 14, was the next on the schedule and this we won, the score being 44 to 0. Oct. 17 was the date of the Pennsylvania game, Pennsylvania winning 34 to 0. In this game our troubles began, when Senior, the only available left-guard in college was carried from the field with an injured hip which kept him out of the game for nearly a month. On the 24th, Brown University was

played at Providence, and again we met defeat. The University of Michigan game, the following Saturday, was the most disastrous defeat of the season. White, who had been playing a brilliant game at half received a wrenched knee which practically placed him on the retired list for the remainder of the season. Nov. 14 the Naval Academy won by a score of 24-10. The final game was played in Baltimore, Thanksgiving Day, with the Maryland Athletic Club, Lehigh scoring 24 to 0.

There is no reason why we should be discouraged simply because we have had an off year. Many vacancies were caused by the graduation of 'Ninety-six, leaving the most vital points of the team to be filled by new men. We were practically laying the foundation for next year's team. With this in view the games were arranged with teams having a thorough knowledge of foot-ball, in order that the new men might start with correct ideas. The games were no harder than those of pre-

vious years when we played Yale, Princeton twice, Pennsylvania and Cornell, but the team was clearly not the equal of those turned out in former seasons. We do not intend, by any means, to cast discredit on the work of Capt. Gunsolus. It was simply unfortunate for him that this reconstruction should have taken place during his term of captaincy. Certainly his reelection demonstrates what the team thinks of his ability and efforts, and it is with pleasure that we wish him all possible success with the team of 'Ninety-seven. And it should be a good one, for the outlook is extremely bright. Van Duyne and Brady both expect to return for post-graduate work, so that Senior and Mason are the only regular 'Varsity men who will not be in college next fall. If reports are true the class of 1901 will contain some excellent material, and there is no reason why Lehigh should not again occupy the position she once held in foot-ball.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

AN ideal spot—the small garden of the war school near the great fortress Metz. Isolated, far from the noisy tumult of the city, it lies enclosed by the old gray walls of the former monastery; cut off from the world, yet bright and sunny, as if created for the holy brothers who once erected the old cloister, and murmuring prayers, rosary in hand, wandered through its many corridors.

Centuries passed. A new age came, and with it laughing pupils of a French Ecole de Guerre moved into the quiet halls. The old fountain listened wonderingly to the unusual melodies of piquant Parisian Boulevard songs, and the old gray pinnacles looked threateningly down on the light, living young Vicomtes and Marquis. Then suddenly these laughing

faces disappeared, war came with all the terrors of siege, grenades, bombs, conflagrations, and the groans of wounded and dying.

The treaty of peace brought new times and new faces. Prussian, Saxon, and Bavarian cadets took possession of the old French Ecole de Guerre, Alsace-Lorraine having been seceded to Germany by the provisions of the treaty.

As I lay on the green sward, in the shade of an old oak, the wind moved the branches of the stately tree, which long, long ago had listened to the prayers of many a holy friar, and it seemed to whisper, "Only nature is eternal, unperishable."

Paul G. L. Hilken.

HIS FATHER.

HE bustled into the waiting-room, put down his valise, and scanned the faces about him. A young man walked hurriedly toward him.

"Hello, father, how are you?" he said, as they shook hands heartily.

"Well, well, well, how are you, my boy? very much pleased to see you again."

They exchanged a few commonplace remarks.

"Oh, by the way," said the elder of the two. "I have an enormous amount of presence of mind," and he chuckled good-naturedly, "you know this train was held up some distance down the road; well, I happened to have my pocket-book in my hand, as a big burly fellow covered us with his gun—"

"And you've lost your money?"

"No, no, not at all, I dropped it on the floor as I threw up my hands, and pushed it under the seat with my foot. Ha! Ha! they never

thought to look there for it. Stupid creatures! Thought it was funny I was travelling without money. I fooled them. I tell you, my boy, if you ever have the presence of mind of your father—" and he burst out laughing as he thrust his hands in his pockets and rocked his body from side to side.

"Ha! ha! stupid creatures,—there it was lying right near them and now it is here in my pocket—"

His hand which was thrust into his pocket was suddenly withdrawn, and then as suddenly replaced, while the expression of mirth upon his face gave way to one of deep anxiety. He looked hurriedly about him and flew toward the gate to the platform. The gate was locked, but the old gentleman tried with a nervous hand to open it, while he gesticulated wildly to the gate-man with the other.

"I tell you it's no use," said the unsympathetic gate-man, "she's been gone ten minutes."

COMOLOTIVES.

THE girls who lived in near-by towns,
 And strolled the streets in fetching gowns
 Every evening after dark,
 'Twas his delight to gaily spark.
 But when a burly cop would see
 A giddy pair in company,
 He'd caution them, as birds of feather,
 Who'd better not be seen together.
 Once, when his attentions rude,
 He forced upon a maiden prude,
 "I must be off," he so addressed her,
 "Methinks I see a spark-arrester."

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS OF THE LEHIGH BURR: Gentlemen.—It may seem a rather early date to make any suggestions concerning the football policy for next fall, but the question is one of such vital interest to the athletic welfare of the University, that in my opinion an early start is essential. It is idle to say that our teams for the past three years have been all we could wish, and this in itself raises a difficulty with which next year's management must contend. The comparatively poor record of the past three years has not been due to the individual members of the teams; for in the face of many discouragements, they have acquitted themselves well, but rather in the decrease of the number of men to choose from and in the general athletic apathy of the student, which has been so painfully evident lately. With this condition of affairs staring us in the face a radical change for the better must be made next year. We cannot let Lehigh teams fall below the high standard that the past has set without most earnest efforts to the contrary. What is needed to bring us again to the fore? We are promised a good field which has been the chief complaint for so many years, so that no more excuses on that score can be made. What do we need? We need three things:

First.—A consistent system of training or coaching—a coach should be named, if possible, for more than one season, and one who could lay down a style of play which each Lehigh team in its turn would learn, and as at the larger colleges, improved upon. We need not look far to see the beneficial results of having such a permanent athletic policy.

Second.—We need an aggressive managerial policy. One which will arrange a schedule of games with universities prominent enough to keep Lehigh's name well before the public, and which will be able to see that good athletic material which is being trained in

the Preparatory Schools for Lehigh, will not at the last moment, as has so often before been the case, be induced to go to other colleges.

Third.—We need the enthusiastic and hearty support of the undergraduates. This is the essential need. Without this support Lehigh will soon be relegated to the second class. The tendency of the past few years has been one of increasing indifference towards athletics. This spirit of lethargy must be shaken off. The annals of our past are too bright to allow them to be sullied by the pages of the present. The outlook for the spring is bright, but let us remember that the college game is foot-ball, and a good foot-ball team we must have next fall. Let the manager be elected at once. Let him secure a good schedule of games with eastern colleges. Let a competent coach be secured, and if possible, a permanent athletic director. And finally let the students determine to support athletics hereafter at Lehigh so that as the pages of the future unfold themselves they will add nothing which will not redound to the glory and credit of our Alma Mater.

Yours Truly,

JOS. W. THURSTON.

ROSEBUDS.

She plucked a rosebud by the wall
And placed it in his outstretched hands;
It was love's token, that was all,
And he rode off to foreign lands.

He kept the rosebud in his breast,
And when the battle charge was led,
They found him slain among the rest;
The rosebud stained a deeper red.

But she, beside the wall that day,
A rosebud gave to other hands;
Nor thought of that one borne away
By him who rode to foreign lands.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

He saw a pretty maiden, who
Upon him smiled a bit.
Quoth he, "I think I'll walk with you."
But she said, "Aber nit." —*Ex.*



THE GOSSIP.

THE average college man seldom "takes thought for the morrow," and like the lily he often "toils not," but is quite willing to let things take their own way, even if that way does not lead to glory. The Gossip has done the lily act considerably in his day, and while anxiously looking at the results of the last examination in mathematics, to see how many of his friends had joined the "Red Cross Society," he heard one remark that "he would see himself in—before he would send a child of his to this place."

Perchance, "the deficiencies of the present may be supplied by the morrow," however distant that morrow may be. With best wishes to all, The Gossip again says perchance.

* * *

The Gossip is a poor hand at writing letters, as he is with other kinds of writing. In spite of that he keeps up a lively correspondence with his wash-woman. She's awfully kind to The Gossip, and doesn't mind putting herself out a bit for him. Now she's been coming around to see The Gossip nearly every evening for a week, to tell him good-bye before he goes home for the holidays. Its lovely to have people so devoted to you. It makes you feel like putting on all your clothes at once, so as to show her that you appreciate her good work. She does not mind doing other things for your clothes, off her regular line. Just the other day The Gossip got a note which said:

DEAR MR. GOSSIP:

If you have any clothes to clean I clean it for you so nice and cheaper as a tailor.

SALLIE WADE-IN-THE-WATER.

Now The Gossip would have been glad to let the dear girl clean his clothes, anyhow, and when he read that she could do it cheaper as a tailor, he could not resist the temptation any longer; so last Saturday he telephoned around to Sallie's for her to come after his clothes to clean cheaper. Sallie came to the 'phone herself, but she had been eating onions, so The Gossip did not talk to her long. Then he hustled up to his "ranch," and took all his clothes and put them in the hall outside his door; but the clothes he had on looked somewhat tired, so The Gossip took them off and put them out there with the others.

Presently The Gossip heard Sallie Wade-in-the-water come tripping up the steps, then she tripped over The Gossip's clothes and hammered on his door. Then she tripped and hammered again, until she got to trip-hammering around there at a terrible rate.

"Hello Sallie," cried The Gossip, "there are some clothes for you to clean (cheaper as a tailor), can you bring that brown suit back in an hour? I want to put them on and go out. Now don't disappoint me."

"Yes, I brought it to you, as you set and before you dressed already. I never disappointed you yet, say not?"

"Only once when you sent me two shirts with their bosoms fricasseed in bluing, just before I was going to a dance."

Sallie took the clothes and left. The hour has been up two days ago, and The Gossip has to wait until his clothes or summer comes again before he can stir out. Sallie must be sick, but that does not make The Gossip's duck trousers feel any warmer in winter weather.

When The Gossip sees Sallie again, her

family will be lucky if they get off with an expense as cheaper as a funeral.

* * *

When the man with a mark of 9.99 patronizingly tells the man with a mark of a 3.03 to "cheer up, I would not mind a little thing like this," it is probable that the man with the 3.03 is going to swear and perhaps he is to a certain extent excusable if he does swear. The following incident is quite apropos to the above.

A man sauntered up to the bulletin board and seeing a red cross beside his name he began to swear, but he had not sworn long nor hard before he heard a step behind him, and turning round he beheld a man who had a 9.81 for his mark. "What is the matter?" said he in the soft injured tone of a martyr and a thank-God-I-am-not-as-this-man expression on his face. "I would not mind a little thing like that. Why do you swear this way, do you not know that it is sinful?" A pause ensued while the unfortunate man of the red cross society coolly surveyed the man with the 9.81.

"Don't trouble yourself about small matters," said he, "this is all being recorded and being charged to my account, and I don't think I am using your stenographer."

The Gossip concludes that religion without tact will help no one.

* * *

The Sophomore Cotillion Club gave their first dance Tuesday evening Dec. 15, at the Eagle Hotel. Suffice it to say the evening was a success. The music was fine, the floor, after a few dances, was in good order and the refreshments were excellent. There was only one draw-back, namely, a decided lack of girls. To The Gossip it seems unreasonable that they should stay away after a small club has gone to a great deal of trouble and expense; to say the least it is ungrateful.

To the committee and to the club as a whole, The Gossip offers his heartiest congratulations. The dance was without doubt, one of the most agreeable ever given.

Now that the cold weather has set in, The Gossip occasionally, and sometimes semi-occasionally, wanders into the lounging room in Christmas Hall. During these wanderings the idea has filtered into his brain that the committee have made a great mistake. You see the committee provided some tables, just ordinary wooden tables, and placed them in the lounging room with the deluded idea that they would be used to write upon. "Foolish gurl wot you are." This idea didn't occur to some of the people, but it did occur to others that these same tables were there for no other purpose than to sit upon. Why shouldn't it? Who would think for a moment of sitting on an ordinary bench or chair when a couple of nice comfortable tables were handy to sit upon? Very few, apparently, for whenever The Gossip "happens in," these tables are pretty well filled. Now we don't deny that a table is a good thing to sit on, of course we don't like to sit on a table as well as any one, because we are not bothered by a back rest and can dangle our feet over the edge and kick the varnish off, to our heart's content, but it is our idea that the committee should have put in iron tables and then they would not break down as these do. Of course it would have cost more, but then it was entirely unnecessary to buy so many chairs, as only a few seem to care to sit on them, the others are prejudiced in favor of the table. We think that these tables which are now in the room will soon be gone beyond recall, judging from the general tendency to use them as seats and we would suggest to the committee that the next lot be iron or stone, unless the sentiment should change by that time. The Gossip would like to hear from some one who is in a position to know, how it was that the committee made this mistake.

A record is the athlete's goal,
He struggles hard to make it;
But when it's made, he turns around
And straightway tries to break it.

—The Tech.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY all odds, the best written and most readable of the many magazines that are devoted to college men and alumni, is the *Bachelor of Arts*, which has just completed its third volume with the December number. Edited by college alumni, it is, therefore, able to keep in touch with the undergraduates and their efforts, both in athletics and literature, and its notes and criticisms on these subjects are most interesting. *The Bachelor* is distinctly a literary magazine, and in this respect differs from most of the other publications of its class, which are usually filled with descriptions of different colleges and notes about their alumni.

In the December number of *The Bachelor*, the editor takes the position that foot-ball has now reached a stage that some radical reforms are absolutely necessary, in order that the game may continue to be safely played at our American universities and colleges, and a number of rules are suggested, which it is thought will tend to render injury to players a less common occurrence. Most of these rules

provide for a special form of uniform or armor to protect the players, however, the first three rules advocated, are that "no one be admitted to a college team who weigh more than 160 pounds," "stringent rules preventing hard tackling," and "stringent rules against all sorts of massed play." The Table is somewhat surprised to find such radical changes in the rules suggested by a magazine written by college men. There is no doubt but that changes in foot-ball rules, that would lessen the tendency to injury to the players, would greatly benefit the game, perhaps such changes are necessary; however it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to apply the above proposed rules, and it is questionable if they would accomplish the desired object. The Table hopes it will be possible to decrease the chance of injury in some other manner, that will not tend to make foot-ball a less interesting sport, which would undoubtedly be the result of the enforcement of the above radical changes in the rules.

THE COLLEGE BOY'S ATTACHMENT.

We've skimped an' sent that boy to fill
The holler in his head with knowledge;
He wasn't good for much, but still
We tho't he might pull thro' a college;
We guessed he'd study up at nights,
Work hard to mend his mind an' natur,
And here the young Philistine writes
He's deep in love with Alma Mater.

We'd better kept him hoein' corn,
An' feedin' pigs an' doin' plowin',
An' gittin' up in early morn
To milk the cows, as I'm allowin',
There's Hetty, neighbor Quigg's gal,
Gosh, how this news will agitate her;
I'd allus picked her out for Jo,
But now he's sparkin' Alma Mater.

I've heard about them college chaps.
An' read about 'em in the papers,
An' Jo, he's one of 'em, perhaps,
An' thick in all there's scrapes and capers,
He wrote us he was doin' fine,
Was something of a wimmen hater;
But now we see he was a lyin',
An' wastin' time on Alma Mater.

Last night we writ a letter warm,
A sayin' we were led to statin',
He'd better come and work the farm
An' never mind 'bout graduatin';
Thet he could pack his college rigs,
Er he'd discover soon or later,
It's better sparkin' Hetty Quiggs
Than making love to Alma Mater.

—Ex.



—E. J. Newbaker, ex-'98, is with the Weston Dodson Coal Co., at Audenried, Pa.

—R. R. Lukens, ex-'98, is in the Pennsylvania R. R. office, Philadelphia, Pa.

—A. E. Jessup, '92, is the manager of the Herendum Manufacturing Co., Boston, Mass.

—J. S. Miller, '95, is with the Harrisburg Machine Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

—C. McK. Leoser, Jr., '91, is in New York.

—E. M. Durham, '96, is on the government survey, at Natchez, Tenn.

—V. A. Johnson, '96, is a mining engineer in Denver, Col.

—T. H. Budd, '95, is assistant draughtsman for the Pennsylvania Steel Co., Steelton, Pa.

—R. Wilson, '95, is with the Phila. & Erie R. R., at Williamsport, Pa.

—C. E. Trafton, '96, is with the Standard Oil Co., Fall River, Mass.

—P. T. Haines, '95, was in town Saturday and Sunday, he is studying law in Elkton, Md.

—C. W. Lord, '96, is the Asst. Supt. of the Penna. Bolt and Nut Works, Lebanon, Pa.

—J. F. Wallace, ex-'97, is with the Newcastle Tube Works, Newcastle, Pa.

—W. D. Farwell, '89, is with the New York *Tribune*, New York City.

—O. E. Forstall, '83, is Superintendent of the Newark Gas Co., Newark, N. J.

—Wm. J. Hiss, '95, is working for the Metropolitan Telephone Co., N. Y.

—C. W. Newbaker, '94, is with the Bell Telephone Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

—Wm. Warr, '95, is with Pepper & Register, General Contractors, Philadelphia, Pa.

—J. E. Mathewson, '94, is with the Ashland Coal & Iron Co., Ashland, Ky.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY CLUBS.

The officers of the Lehigh Club of Washington, D. C., are: President, Felix Freyhold, '86; vice-presidents, A. Doolittle, '87, and R. P. Barnard, '89; secretary and treasurer, Ralph W. Lee, 606 14th Street, N. W.

Charles McK. Leoser is Secretary of the Lehigh Club of New York City, 34 Beaver Street.

Alban Eavenson is Secretary of the Lehigh Club of Philadelphia, Pa., 2013 Vine Street.

The sixth annual banquet of the Lehigh University Club, of Chicago, will be held at the Technical Club, Saturday evening, Jan. 2, 1897. All students who desire to attend the same will please communicate with James H. Westcott, Jr., Secretary, 513 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

THE SHEPHERD.

Guiding his peaceful flocks,
Mute comes the Shepherd and slow,
Lingering down the mountain
Into the fields below.

He bears the staff of the Shepherd,
The goatskin, the black herb pouch.
His nectar, a pool in the grasses,
A cleft in the meadow his couch.

A choral of angelic voices,
He hears in the brook's faint splash;
And his clear, calm conscience strengthens
At the crack of the lightning's lash.

'Round him the brown leaves are falling,
Softly the sad winds sigh.
Autumn yieldeth to Winter,
For Winter is drawing nigh.

He looks toward the far blue distance,
A tear falls hot to the sod.
The star-shot vault is above him,
And the Shepherd is nearer God.—*Yale Lit.*

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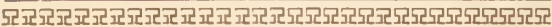
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